322 would lead us home. A happy man he looked, though he told us that his back ached nowadays at work with lathe or plough, as it never used to do, and perhaps we had English medicines that would meet the case. We could only offer the sad tidings that we too, when we walked or rode or worked, were subject to fatigue and aches undreamt of in younger days, and that even in England the doctors knew no medicines to defeat on-coming age. This, oddly, seemed to comfort him a lot: "We're all ageing together then," he said, and we all three laughed a vain defiance at the years, "and we old ones have more skill and experience than the others, haven't we?"

462 241 252 Apart from their never-ending spinning the women have many valuable crafts, though they are less spectacular than the men's. They all bake a large variety of bread and scones from their blent flour—not only grains being pressed into the service, but pounded mulberries, walnuts, peas and beans, and semi-wild berries—and when *maltash* is available they make cakes and pastries of a dozen kinds. The vegetable patches are in their care, and amongst their many greens, their gourds, cucumbers and marrows, they tend a lot of plants whose seeds or leaves or flowers are valued as flavourings, and grow a little flax and mustard to supplement their apricot oil. In spring their plots are lit with the large blossoms of many-coloured poppies, whose seeds are not wasted on opium but scattered into the vegetable pot. They also grow small quantities of maize as a vegetable, but they do not consider it profitable as a major

● 249 534 563 crop. The kinder-hearted find a corner for tobacco for the men's pipes, which circulate of an evening in the shade when the day's work is done and someone tinkles a zither or tootles on a flute. These instruments are home-made like everything else, and are often very beautifully finished; we were neither of us qualified to judge of the music the players conjured up. To our unskilled ears it sounded amateurish, but eminently cheerful and pleasing. Serious music of drum and pipe and

262 kettledrum is the monopoly of the Béricho. When the women weed their crops they sort out the dandelion, stitchwort, and sorrel for their own brews before throwing the residue to

000 the cow. And they have a varied repertoire of berries, roots,

114 585 "I said it as a joke," replied the Mir. "I had no knowledge that it would be so widely publicized and written and taken as a fact. I did not mean to mislead the writers you mentioned."

"Then it is not true!"

"No," replied the Mir, "I meant it only as a joke!"

643 115 522 There was no doubt in my mind that the Mir had a keen sense of humor. In fact, through all my talks and discussions with the Mir which were frequent, there was seldom a time when he would pass by an opportunity for a bit of witticism or to laugh and have a bit of fun. He was just about as pleasant a man as could be found anywhere. He was not only a great ruler but he had a sense of humor. It was too bad that the writers referred to took him seriously. Maybe it was one of their bad days.

•249 "Do you grow poppies here?" I asked the Mir bluntly and more or less out of the clear blue sky. I put this question to the Mir for a most definite reason.

On a few occasions I saw what I believed to be a field of flowers waving in the distance. But I wasn't sure. Invariably these patches of color were a mile or many miles away. I wondered what they were but I never could get close enough to see them. They were always sighted at great distance from where the road lay.

[123] You might ask why I didn't definitely, once and for all, set out across the field and find out. But remember, when you're in a more or less strange unusual territory, you just don't go off across the fields into someone else's private property.

All told, I doubt if I saw more than half a dozen of these patches of color during the full length of my travels. There might have been many more but I certainly didn't see them and I have an idea that if they

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

were there, they would have been noticed. 249

It is also possible that from a distance of one or two miles, one might confuse a field of alfalfa hay or barley or wheat and, with golden heads when ripe and the sun's rays striking them, what was grain might resemble flowers, but I think I am well enough versed in plant lore to be able to make the distinction.

I want my readers to bear in mind also that most of my traveling from Gilgit to Baltit was done on Nagir territory.

The reason these bits of color were most conspicuous was obviously because of the practically total absence of anything that resembled flowers—or a bit of brightness.

The Mir answered my question about the growing of poppies as follows, "Yes, some of our farmers are growing poppies but I am going to put a stop to it." 249 276 656

I waited for him to continue with keen interest.

"It appears," he went on, "that some of the people have begun to take to smoking opium . . . and fearing this insidious bad habit will take root, I'm going to ban the growing of this plant."

I did not mention it to him then or since, but somehow I had overheard (perhaps at one of the parties in Gilgit where a group of the roundabout notables had gathered) that opium had been drifting in from some locations and commanding fairly good prices. It also struck me that the Chinese border, being close at hand, might prove to be a very appropriate market for the produce that they would get from the poppy plants.

I did not ask if there were any restrictions against the producing of opium, apart from the fact that the Mir was going to ban it for protection of his people. I do not know whether anyone could prevent the Hunzans or the Nagirwals from growing these colorful plants.

249 plants. Of one thing I was sure and that was that they weren't growing them for the beauty of the flowers.

Now in my strolls and walks about Hunza, I didn't get very far above Altit. Who knows? Maybe a large quantity of poppies are grown further along the river. But actually I doubt it very much.

124 Breakfast was now completed. I was eating alone, of course, in this instance. The Mir and Rani were just keeping me company. I thanked the Rani for her kindness, bowed to her and took my leave with the Mir.

681 which people were exiled and as officers were continually asking me what sort of place it was, I determined to go there and see for myself. The track there
491 was very bad indeed and in two places there were goat hair bridges which were very unpleasant to cross. A ring of wood was used and the traveler was drawn from one bank to the other and if he wore a beard most of the hairs were dragged out on the way. . . .

643 "My father,[1] had six wives, three of which were of the
595 ruling classes and three from the Zemindaris. All however, were married to him according to the law and so he left behind no bastards."

276 The Mir told me that of late some of the young boys
177 have taken to smoking cigarettes. This they have picked up and learned from the Hunzan men who have been serving in the Pakistani army. Cigarettes can be pur-
685 chased in the shop in Baltit and a few occasions of
276 petty theft have been encountered. In each case it
[443] seems that they stole in order to get money to buy
[681] cigarettes. These few petty crimes of course did not involve ostracism to Shimshal. It is expected that this condition will continue or even become aggravated as the youth of Hunza become more familiar and acquainted with smoking. Some of the men in Hunza smoke the "hookah" which we know as the water-pipe.

• 249 Some forms and varieties of tobacco have been tried
123 in Hunza. I promised to send the Mir seeds of the various types of tobacco that we grow in America, such as Virginia, Burley and Quesnel. Perhaps if they can learn to grow tobacco, it will enable the youth to get their hands on some tobacco and satisfy their craving for it without resorting to other ways and means. However, they would have to get paper from somewhere for none is made or improvised in Hunza.

674 It is obvious from what I have seen, that crime and

[1] [ie - the father of Sir Mohomed Nazim Khan - ANALYST]